

at the corner's inquest. Why didn't you tell it all?"

"I wasn't asked to tell. I hated to tell. I was in pretty bad condition then, but when my mind got clear I told it a few days later to Mr. Wendenburg."

"Did people in the pawnshop ever see Henry Clay Beattie, Jr. with you when you bought the gun?"

"No, sir."

"Does anybody except you know about the buying of that gun?"

"Not that I know of."

All Eyes on Henry.

Many an eye was focused on Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., as well as Henry Clay Beattie, Sr., as Paul Beattie poured forth his "confession." The gray-haired father of the prisoner beside whom he sat and whose revelations felt heavily on him, sat with lips pressed tightly over clenched teeth often shielding his features from view by a palm leaf fan. Beside him the prisoner looked uneasily, perspiration on his brow, and an alternating flush of blood on his thin face. He buried his fingers into a crumpled handkerchief, almost shoved it occasionally into his mouth and bit hard at it. Paul Beattie appeared to grow angrier as he ran himself of his story. Once when counsel for the defense interrupted his perfunctory testimony as to his early employment, charging that he had been twice discharged from certain positions, the witness flashed a scornful look at the lawyer and snapped a swift denial.

From that moment it was apparent that cross-examination was not difficult for him to bear as it was at the coroner's inquest several weeks ago.

When H. M. Smith, Jr., for the defense began his cross-examination he concentrated on only one point. He waved a thick book of typewritten testimony in the face of the witness and almost shouted at him why he had not, in his entire fifty-five pages of testimony at the coroner's inquest given even the slightest intimation that Henry C. Beattie, Jr., had ever mentioned to him, "I wish to God I had not done it."

"You were under oath there to tell the whole truth," he said, as he leaned over the bench and pointed his clenched hand at the witness. "Why did you not do it?"

In Bad Shape Then.

The witness said he was in bad physical condition at the inquest, that he hardly knew what he was saying then, or that he could not remember being asked anything concerning his knowledge of Henry C. Beattie, Jr.'s alleged confession. He practically declared that what he had said at the coroner's inquest in those fifty-five pages of testimony was not all that he knew about the case, but that his mind was so confused, his nervous collapse was so weakening he could not bring himself to a decision as to

whether he should tell the single thing that almost leaped from his lips at that time.

When his mental condition was better, the witness said, he told Mr. Wendenburg, the prosecuting attorney, his mind's burden. He had previously told it, he said, only to his wife. He added that the real reason why he had not made the admission at the coroner's inquest was that he had tried to keep the thing back as long as he could. Finally he had determined in spite of the damage it might have on his own kinman to tell the truth.

"But didn't you damage your kinman enough?" asked Mr. Smith, "when you told of the purchase of the gun?"

"Yes, but I was in bad physical condition then, and hardly knew what I was saying," was the reply.

The counsel for the defense indicated to the court that time for adjournment had arrived, and that it wished to continue its cross-examination of Paul Beattie to-morrow.

Mrs. Owen a Witness.

Mrs. R. V. Owen, mother of the woman Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., is alleged to have murdered, testified at length, indicating that there was no doubt of young Mrs. Beattie having knowledge of the condition of her husband. The testimony brought out that the condition of young Beattie became known to his wife on the Thursday before she was killed. She was questioned by Prosecutor Wendenburg.

"You were present on several occasions when the prisoner called at the residence of Tom Owen. Who invited you?"

"Mr. Owen."

"On the fatal night, who invited you?"

"No one."

"On the night of the murder," said Mrs. Owen, "I asked Beattie who could have been so cruel as to kill an innocent girl. He gave no explanation, but said take me out of the room. He gave no explanation."

"Did you notice tears on the prisoner's face then?"

"No."

Evidence Is Omitted.

Cross-examination then began by Mr. Carter for the defense.

The attorney drew from Mrs. Owen the admission that her knowledge of Beattie's condition was based purely on what her daughter had told her. Mr. Carter moved to strike out the evidence, and Judge Watson reserved decision.

"You spoke of your daughter having crying spells," suggested Hill Carter, "that wasn't unusual was it?"

"Yes, unusual to me. I never knew her to be hysterical before," replied Mrs. Owen.

The court at this point announced that it decided to overrule the motion of counsel for the defense to strike out the testimony of Mrs. Owen regarding Beattie's condition. Mrs. Owen was then excused and left the room.

CROWD STUNNED BY SENSATIONAL CLIMAX OF TRIAL

(Continued From First Page.)

to him. I finally told it when it came over me that it was my solemn duty to do so. I kept it back as long as I could. I scarcely knew what I was doing at the inquest that day. I was in an awful state. My mind was not clear."

Dared Him to Show a Word.

The attorney was on his feet again in an instant. Behind him rose tiers of drawn, dazed faces. In his hand Smith grasped the full stenographic record of the inquest and shook it threateningly at the pale, but undaunted figure in the chair. His voice was heavy with scorn.

"Your testimony at the inquest covers fifty-five typewritten pages," he shouted. "Take this book and read it word for word. Show me a single line to indicate that your mind was not clear."

From the State's side came a protesting voice. Unheeding, Mr. Smith hurried on, his tone rising high above the murmur.

"Will you take it? I will give you until to-morrow. I will ask the court to adjourn at once. Show me one word, one phrase."

The court did not adjourn. The attack went on, relentless and bitter. Paul was in the fiery furnace now, but did not wince. Unflinchingly, he stood his ground, and though answers came slowly at times, they came. Back and forth the contest raged. Aching, miserable limbs were forgotten by the cramped and huddled throng that had spent hours in the stifling courtroom. Bulletins were flying the length and breadth of the land with the story, and the rustle of hastily scribbled sheets and the scrape of the messenger's feet across the floor were the only sounds that came to break the dead stillness, through which the two voices sped and clashed and wrangled. Henry Beattie still smiled.

Stuck to Story of Confession.

Not all that the cousin said was clear and satisfying. From the confession and the message to the woman he could not be shaken by all the pounding of hammer-like blows. Here he stood firm, yielding not a jot. But on some other smaller points he fell now and again into a skillfully laid trap. Discrepancies between his testimony now and that before the coroner with particular reference to the date on which he first told his wife of the purchase of the gun were plainly shown.

"I don't know whether I said that or not at the coroner's inquest," he finally declared. "I hardly know what I said there. My mind was not clear. I was in an awful condition that day."

Whatever he was then there was no hysteria now. Calm and sane-looking enough, he told his story in quick, jerky words, as if he had pondered over it long. He endeavored to explain why he had not carried the gun straight to his cousin instead of bringing Henry all the way from Manchester to Richmond in an automobile to get it and carry it back. At that time Henry Beattie had not even asked him to keep the purchase secret. Yet he went this roundabout way to get the weapon to him.

"Did anybody in the pawnshop see Henry Beattie with you when you got the gun?"

"No, he was half a block away waiting for me."

"Did anybody ever see him with the gun?"

"No."

Crowd Stunned by Story.

Sunset put an end to it. The court arose and getting into the groups were soon upon the green trying to digest the thing into one another's brain. There was no use. The shock had not yet worn off. Comprehension was a long time off. Many hasty opinions were formed. Some believed outright, and took up the boy's fight for him, some disbelieved with a shrug of contempt.

"I have already said Paul was the greatest liar in Virginia," remarked Douglas Beattie, the prisoner's brother, "I now repeat that with some extension. I think he is the greatest liar in the universe."

Counsel had little by way of comment. Mining no words, Mr. Smith declared that the prosecution had developed an unheard-of turn where witnesses could tell before the coroner's jury one story and before the trial court another, in the meantime being held in close imprisonment by the Commonwealth. The defense, he said, would yet have its day—and very soon. He was not discouraged. The State's lawyer, who had staged the days' drama, and brought the actors forth with a keen realization of the dramatic, were more than ever before confident. They consider the case now won. In the opinion of Mr. Wendenburg, Paul Beattie will pass through the cross-examination unshaken. Then the prosecution will produce the corroborative evidence touching the gun purchase and some other features, and soon after that rest its case. Many witnesses now held will not go on at all unless needed in rebuttal. A great mass of cumulative evidence will be discarded and left out. There will be no new sensations. The State's task

is nearly done. Beulah Binford will not go upon the stand. She may have appeared in rebuttal, but will be held back even if possible.

Beattie Did Not Will.

While the crowd was settling its wits together again and besieging lawyers and detectives for more light, the principals in the day's drama were even trilled. Henry Beattie went the length of the front lawn and through the gate to a waiting automobile. Peering eyes and significant nudges did not disturb him. Not a quiver showed in his face. Under close guard, he was whisked along the county roads, and in an hour was back in the Richmond jail, where he spent the night.

It has been said that he reached an end of his nerve yesterday. If he did he concealed the fact behind a smiling exterior. So far the testimony of his cousin was clear. In the morning the mask did, in fact, slip from him once, and tremblingly he saw the black-robed figure of his dead wife's mother unexpectedly enter the courtroom and walk toward the witness chair. Here he undoubtedly quailed for an instant. But when Paul Beattie suddenly blurted out those terrible words, he only laughed. To say that he wilted then is nonsense. His father and brother also smiled inwardly, as if they were listening to the wife's ravings of a lunatic.

Paul's Great Fight.

Back to his Henrico cell the witness also went under strict orders from the court to communicate with no one. Counsel took their several ways, but were bending to the task again—the prosecution giving the final touches to its case, the defense arming for the

new day. With the morning will bring another onslaught. Paul Beattie faces now the ordeal of all his life. Upon him every eye is turned. The prisoner's counsel, keen and brilliant men, will spare him nothing. It will be a mighty contest between a patty-faced weak boy and two great lawyers, past-masters in the art of courts. If there are any skeletons in his closet they will be rattled now; if there are any raw spots he is hiding they will be seared with hot blasts. He had a taste of it yesterday. In the first skirmish he did not lose much. How he will emerge at the end-to-day will tell.

What of his story? Thousands pondered this and argued the night hours away. It was the theme of the moment in Richmond. Is Paul Beattie telling the truth? Is his mind now "clear"? The thing was so startlingly sprung that the very force of it knocked many senseless and destroyed judgment for the moment. The vast majority believe the boy. The Commonwealth's case was so strong without this that it goes without saying the prosecutors not only truly believe in Paul, but expect him to convince the jury. Were this not so they would scarcely have dared to endanger a winning hand. A few have ventured the hint that Paul is lying to save his own neck. But the "bearded highwayman" was six feet tall and weighed about 200 pounds. Paul is a weakling; there is nothing of the heroic in his narrow width. Besides, the Commonwealth says his alibi is clear. It seems a question of endurance now. The defense with all its might will try to batter him down. The prosecution says he will stand firm. The jury will judge. As to the criticism that the story was not told at the inquest, the State's lawyers declare bluntly that even had Paul Beattie desired to recite the confession there they would not have permitted him to do so, but would have held this trump card in reserve.

The Commonwealth, of course, can introduce no more than a question of veracity between the two cousins as far as the confession itself is concerned. But it will be able to prove

by other witnesses—it claims—that Paul and Henry Beattie conversed together alone at the Beattie home on the day in question, and that he visited Beulah Binford's house and walked out with the girl—an unusual thing for him. It will also be able to prove that Henry Beattie called Paul Beattie up and asked him if he had been summoned to appear at the inquest. As to the gun purchase, it claims to have every salient point covered by other witnesses.

Other Testimony.

It was the climax of a day of sensations. Rumor had whetted the public appetite and the prosecution filled the cup, brimming. Sated with sensation, the crowd seemed glad to get home and breathe the normal air again.

At the opening of the session Chief Detective Scherer was still on the stand, and now under cross-examination. He proved one of the strongest witnesses the State has had. Two chief facts stood out beyond all others in his testimony. Henry Beattie told him in as many words that he did not at any time stop his automobile in the road before the "bearded highwayman" held him up. Yet it has been shown conclusively that a car which could have been no other than Beattie's was standing still in the road near the scene of the crime a few minutes before the fatal shot was fired. In front of this car was a man and on the running board was a woman wearing a long coat similar to that used by Mrs. Beattie.

According to the detective's story, blood could not have dripped from the automobile into the road, as must be the case if Beattie's story is true. The dust pan was coated with grease and much of it was dry and thick. Not a trace of blood was in the pan, and if it had ever been there it could not have run out. Two holes in the pan were covered and clogged with old dry grease.

Dramatic Scene.

Came now the first scene, intensely dramatic. The blood-stained clothes of the prisoner were brought in. The name of no witness was called. Yet through the door a black-robed figure, in deep mourning, slowly passed and went on to the witness chair.

The veil was lifted and the mother of the dead girl, supposedly hundreds of miles away, looked into the faces of the jurymen. Now in fact did Beattie for an instant lose his grip. Pale as a sheet, he gave one quick and startled glance, and then his eyes fell. A hand that had been tracing lead-pencil marks on a sheet in front of him moved on but trembled. He looked steadily down for a long time.

Pale, but composed, Mrs. Owen told her story, her voice scarcely rising above a whisper. Her testimony was a body blow, bringing the motive clearly to the front. For a long time before she died her daughter had been unhappy. There were frequent crying spells, she said. At first the young wife had refused to confide her troubles to her mother. Later she did so. Haltingly, Mrs. Owen explained.

On the night of the murder the mother of Mrs. Beattie was not invited to accompany the couple as she had done several times. The two went out alone. This was unusual, she said. She saw Beattie shed no tears over the body of his dead wife.

Counsel retired with the judge for a lengthy argument over the admissibility of certain evidence. In the meantime Mrs. Owen sat in the witness chair and waited. Finally the court resumed. She answered the last questions and retired. The first sensation had come. The terrible day for the defense was at hand.

Women Driven Out.

Witness followed witness, and the unprintable page of the trial was written now. The life history of Beulah Binford and Henry Beattie was laid bare. There was no quibbling over words. A number of women were in the audience. After repeated suggestions from the court the majority left. One young girl had finally almost to be driven out. Two women stayed through it all and brazenly faced the scene. At one time an injunction from the sheriff, put with particular emphasis, threw the crowd into a gale of laughter. Judge Watson arose from his seat, great displeasure showing plainly in his face.

"A human life hangs in the balance suspended above this courthouse," he

said. "There can be no levity here. If this is repeated I shall be reluctantly forced to clear this room at once of spectators."

The crowd stood subdued and laughed no more that day.

A Waterbail.

Here and there collateral points came forth. The defense drew two waterbails, one out being of the printable sort. Mr. Smith evidently expected to show that Detective Scherer or his assistants ransacked the Binford house and stole away with the famous "Dear Kid" letter.

"How did this letter get into the hands of Mr. Scherer?" he asked Mrs. Binford, mother of the girl, after a long line of skillful questioning. Mrs. Binford started to answer.

"Look at the jury," directed Mr. Smith, in order to get the full effect of it.

Mrs. Binford turned to the twelve men.

"Beulah went home and got it for him," she said.

"Give me a glass of water, please," said Mr. Hill Carter, apropos of nothing—except thirst.

An answer by one witness or rather a query as put by his counsel amused the prisoner greatly. He leaned over, stuffed a handkerchief in his mouth and laughed until his face got red.

Professor Schubert at Second Baptist.

Professor Otto Schubert, of New York, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Matern, of 2009 Floyd Avenue, sang at the

morning service at Second Baptist Church Sunday. Mr. Schubert has an excellent baritone voice, and his rendition of "O God Have Mercy," from Mendelssohn, was quite a treat. Mr. Schubert expects to return home the latter part of this week.

ANOTHER GREAT FLIGHT

St. Louis, Mo., August 28.—Plans for an aeroplane flight of at least 1,500 miles down the Mississippi River in September to eclipse the world's record just established by Harry N. Atwood, are well under way. It was announced last night. Two courses are under consideration. One is from St. Paul to Vicksburg, Miss., 1,511 miles. The other is from Dubuque, Iowa, to New Orleans, 1,555 miles.

The purpose of the flight is to focus attention on the Mississippi on the eve of the deepwater convention at Chicago and to promote aviation into the Middle West as to establish a new world's record for distance.

Albert Bond Lambert, president of the Aero Club of St. Louis, starter of the three international balloon races, is chairman of the temporary organization of the trans-Mississippi flight association. He declares that the flight is practicable.

The flier selected for the flight will drive a hydro-aeroplane, which will enable him to follow the course of the river with impunity, landing on the river surface when fair grounds are not available.

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